WALTER AND WILLIAM.

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINAL POEM

OF

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui———
Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas.

ÆNEIDOS lib. VI.

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PREFACE.

At a period when the public taſte ſeems eagerly to graſp at every remain of ancient literature; when thoſe Goblins and Spectres, which, in the dark ages of ſuperſtition, glided athwart the gloom, "making night hideous," are at the magic ſpell of the poet raiſed from the peaceful tomb, once more to carry terror—not to the panic-ſtruck murtherer, but into the more ſacred receſſes of a Lady's dreſſing-room: at this period, it may perhaps form an acceptable addition to the public ſtock of entertainment, if we ſubmit to the world a Poem compoſed by the brave and unfortunate Richard the *Lion-hearted*, when groaning in German dungeons under the rigor of unjuſt captivity.

Of Richard's poetical abilities this is not the only relict. The learned world is acquainted with ſeveral other fragments. None however attain the ſame degree of poetical excellence which this can juſtly claim, whether we direct our attention to the fable, the diction, or the verſification. In theſe laſt two particulars the tranſlator is too conſcious of

the inferiority of his performance, when compared with the energetic melody of the original, not to ſolicit the public attention towards the extreme difficulty of preſerving, in tranſlation, the truly evaporable ſpirit of Original Poetry.

Had it not been for the kind aſſiſtance of a learned German Profeſſor, the tranſlator would have been obliged to relinquiſh every idea of reſtoring to the world a more noble monument of Richard's greatneſs, than can now be afforded by thoſe victories, which the laviſh'd blood and treaſure of his ſubjects enabled him to gain, but of which the depopulated plains of Paleſtine are the only remains.

Contrary to his general uſage of the French tongue, Richard compoſed this Poem, his maſterpiece, in German. Perhaps a reaſon for its ſuperiority over his other productions, may be derived from this circumſtance. The impetuous genius of Richard broke through the feeble oppoſition which the rules of a verſification he perfectly underſtood could oppoſe; and becauſe his thoughts flow'd copiouſly, he graſped them without ſelection, and moulded them into an incongruous *olio* of jarring ideas, blended with little art or regularity. Conſonant to this deſcription, the *French* poems of Richard are bold, irregular, redundant and energetic. But when conſtrained to move in a language with which

he was not perfectly familiar; when compell'd to submit to the shackles of a versification, which at first hung heavily about him, the wild genius of Richard, galled into submission, chastised into regularity, and forced into attention, concentrated all its powers and, rising superior to the difficulties with which he was oppressed, produced a poem that by its intrinsic merit, has survived those shocks which have destroyed the more dilated basis of his empire.

The obscurity into which this poem had fallen, may be easily accounted for, from the language being different from that which Richard made use of in other instances. To this it was probably owing, that it has totally escaped the researches of the learned author, who first directed the public attention to the poetical performances of this Prince.

In consequence of these circumstances, this noble relict of Genius has been suffered to remain unnoticed, growing daily more and more obscure, as the language in which it was written became more antiquated. The obscurity in which this ballad was inveloped, has in a great degree prevented its being dilapidated by the plagiarisms of more modern poets. Altho' in the works of some poets of distinguished merit a few instances may be perceived, which bear a similarity to some of the ideas which this con-

tains; yet minds animated by the ſame fire of Genius, viewing the ſame object by the ſame light, muſt ſo often conſider it in the ſame point of view, that inſtead of invidiouſly pointing out theſe accidental ſimilarities, we ſhould rather wonder that ſuch coincidences do not more frequently occur.

If then in the peruſal of this poem, the reader ſhould perceive any paſſage that bears an analogy to any paſſage which the works of a more modern poet contains, let him not raſhly ſcore down the latter as an Imitator or a Plagiariſt, but let him conſider whether the preceding circumſtances do not naturally lead the mind into the ſame channel. Let him not without ſuch deliberate reflection, pronounce his ſentence in the harſh and imperious tone of a Critic, ſucceſsful in finding a fault; but let him, ere with an invidious ſnarl he yelps his diſapprobation, return the author thanks for the pleaſure which he has received——Pleaſure did I ſay? alas! the pleaſure of a true Critic is always commenſurate to the number of faults he can, or thinks he can diſcover.

Theſe few obſervations being premiſed, let us conſider the evidence which the poem itſelf contains, of its antiquity and authenticity.

In every work the mind of the author is more or leſs diſplayed. Who is there that has read the Ili-

ad of Homer with attention, and has not formed ſome conception more or leſs correct, of the mind and character of that author. To approach nearer our own times, do not all the authors of Queen Ann's reign preſent us with their portraits in their compoſitions? Does not every one recognize the cynical Swift, the facetious Prior, the witty Pope, the mild and elegant Addiſon, and the licentious Congreve, in their ſeveral productions. If there is any man who is incapable of perceiving theſe peculiarities, he muſt poſſeſs a ſoul entirely diveſted of that ſenſibility of conception which conſtitutes the acute judgment that enables one man to read the character of another in his words, his features, and his actions. To ſuch leaden-headed commentators we do not addreſs ourſelves: they are equally unfit to comprehend or reliſh poetry.

Conformable to theſe obſervations, the character of Richard is perſpicuouſly delineated in the work under conſideration. We ſee the fiery genius of the lion-hearted monarch diſplaying itſelf, in the ſtrong conception of a fable, which, though we cannot believe it when ſubmitted to the teſt of cool reaſon, yet by inveloping us in the miſt of ſuperſtition, by tranſporting us back to the times of Cruſade, impreſſes upon the mind a momentary bewitching conviction of its reality. We ſee that genius, chilled by the

damps of a noiſome dungeon, reflecting on the tranſitory nature of human grandeur, and exclaiming with the wiſeſt of men, "All things are vanity;" but when he bends his fervid imagination towards the battle—the ſcene in which Richard delighted to dwell,—we behold the character of his poetry ſwelling with his ſubject, all thoughts of a more tender nature are diſcarded, and the ſoul of the impetuous hero blazes in every ardent line. Again we behold the Eagle-creſt of the conqueror of Paleſtine, bending to the gloomy ſhrine of ſuperſtitious credulity. But theſe very viſions of fancy are ennobled by the mind that created them, they partake of the majeſty of their author, and the ſoul of Richard animates the breaſt of William.

If we proceed to a more minute inveſtigation of circumſtances, we may eſtabliſh this point beyond all reach of cavil. Tho' this general delineation of character coincides exactly with the tenor of the actions of Richard; let us examine whether the cloven foot nowhere appears, whether the *little* circumſtances which are moſt likely to betray any incongruity, are ſuch as tend to eſtabliſh the authenticity of the poem.

From the examination we have made we are inclined to think they are.———

Verſe II. " Their *claſping arms* unbound." The ſpecification of *claſping arms* marks deciſively that the author was not a German, as the lobſter or jointed armour, which was the only ſpecies that claſped, was not introduced into Germany till a very late period, whereas in England it was introduced prior to the Cruſades.——

Verſe IV. " Lay *Richard's Britiſh Hoſt.*" This line contains in itſelf, a teſtimony that Richard was the author. Had any one elſe been ſtating the circumſtance, would he not have tagged to the name of Richard ſome of thoſe high ſounding epithets by which he was diſtinguiſhed; would he not have ſtyled him the Lion-hearted, the Flower of Chivalry, or the avenger of the Croſs? Richard, with a noble confidence in his own fame, which none but a great man can feel, does not condeſcend to accumulate any of theſe empty ſounds on himſelf, but truſting to his actions for renown, ſeems to derive a great portion of his importance from his being the *Leader of the Britiſh.* This was more particularly ſpecified in the original, than the tranſlator from the nature of our language, and the regard he was conſtrained to pay to the fetters of verſification could literally render. We may remark that Xenophon, Cæſar, and others the moſt celebrated characters of antiquity, have obſerved the ſame degree of modeſty in ſpeaking of themſelves.

Verſe V. "*Glory's fancied voice.*" Here we find an illuſtration of a foregoing remark. We perceive the haughty and impetuous Richard humbled by captivity, viewing with the calm eye of a Stoic, thoſe gay viſions of Glory, which when ſeen through the deceitful medium of power and wealth, captivated with their meretricious brilliancy the ardent vehemence of his youthful inexperienced mind. Now! when the cold heavy damps of Priſon have extinguiſhed that deceitful light; when his ſoul chilled by poverty and diſtreſs experiences the evils attendant on war, he feels all his tender affections revive, and in the full ſwell of wounded ſenſibility, conſiders war as deteſtable and Glory as viſionary. Nor is Richard the only inſtance of this momentary diſguſt at the objects of his purſuit. When Xerxes beheld from his elevated throne, an immenſe plain blazing as far as the eye could reach, with the innumerable myriads who marched beneath his banners, inflated as he was with pride, ambitious as he was of military fame—his heart miſgave him, and a moment of ſenſibility wrung from his breaſt, a melancholy reflection on the precarious nature of human exiſtence. Cicero affords a ſtill more illuſtrious inſtance. Intoxicated as he was with fame and applauſe, he has left behind him a ſtudied declamation on their vanity. If then ſuch reflections could intrude themſelves into the

unfeeling breaſt of an Aſiatic deſpot when ruſhing forward in the mad career of war and vengeance; if they could intrude themſelves into the philoſophic retirement of Cicero, and render him deaf to thoſe plaudits with which the world reſounded, was not Richard at the cloſe of a ſeven years captivity, likely to feel them with ſtill greater acuteneſs.

Verſe X. "*Farewel! ye blooming young and brave.*" In the awakened ſtate of mind in which Richard is, he cannot without emotion ſay "*Farewel*" to thoſe gallant youths who had ſhared alike his glories and dangers—He bids them "*Farewel*" with a degree of parental affection which none but a *Briton* could have felt—no *German* ever loved Britain ſufficiently.

Verſe X. "*To me another theme's aſſigned.*" This likewiſe furniſhes a proof of the high rank of the author. Moſt of the ballad-mongers of that and ſucceeding periods, whenever it was their lot to celebrate a man of more than ordinary rank, enlarged on the nobleneſs of their theme, and ſeemed to conſider that if they beſpattered their ſubject with titles and epithets expreſſive of conſequence, ſome portion of that conſequence would be reflected on themſelves. Richard, conſcious that in his caſe all ſuch adventitious aids were entirely ſuperfluous,

and that inſtead of his ſubject ennobling him, he was calculated to ennoble it; inſtead of being elevated becauſe he had an *Earl* to celebrate, ſeems rather to regret that he is obliged to leave his common ſoldiers for that Earl—well knowing that the *ignobile vulgus* is of more importance to a monarch than thoſe who lord it over them.

Verſe XX. "*And girding to his loins his ſword.*" Here we may remark, that this Oriental mode of expreſſion ſeems concluſively to point out the author's familiarity with the phraſeology of the Eaſtern nations.

Verſe XXI. "*And now full many a turban'd head.*" The happineſs of this epithet *turban'd head* is too remarkable to be paſſed without notice. We think that it may vie with the much famed "*fabuloſus Hydaſpes,*" or with Milton's "*wizzard ſtream.*" It at once, without circumlocution, points out the nation againſt whom the campaign was directed, by ſelecting the moſt prominent feature of their external appearance.

Verſe XXI. "*With trenchant ſteel he clove.*" Here we find exactly delineated the effects of the broadſword, a weapon with which Richard was particularly dexterous.

This and the three following verſes confirm a

former obſervation. When war is his theme, Richard ſhakes off the torpid ſtoiciſm ſo uncongenial to his mind, and diveſts himſelf of the ſofter emotions. The hero, wild, fervid, and vehement, who pants for the field of death, burſts forth; he longs to wield the thundering faulchion, and whirl the ponderous lance; he thinks he hears the din of battle reſounding, and his verſes glow with the ardour which his ſubject inſpires. It is Richard who writes—it is his fierce and revengeful ſpirit which dictates the taunts of Walter, and it is his vigorous mind which ſpurns dangers and wounds *.

Verſe XXVI. " *'Twas at the hour when ſpectres roam*"—How forcibly are the ſuperſtitions of the times marked by this line.—There is, according to the creed of ſuperſtition, a fearful period, when men are wrapt in the gloomy ſilence of dead repoſe, when the world of ſpirits pours forth its unembodied inhabitants. Wrapt in the impenetrable veil of myſterious darkneſs, they viſit this world, but the *how's*, *why's*, and *where's*, of their exits and entries, are equally beyond mortal ken. Still there is a ſublime horror annexed to theſe ſuperſtitions, which in all ages of the world has ſtamped them with credibility in oppoſition to common ſenſe.

* See verſe XXII.

Verſe XXXII. "*To night thou drink'ſt of blood.*" It is well known that among the many horrible and extravagant methods, which were formerly made uſe of to plight inviolable faith, the drinking of blood was eſteemed the moſt ſacred. The antiquity of this cuſtom is great. The ſeven Chiefs againſt Thebes of Æſchylus preſents us with a ceremony of this kind.———

> And dipping in the gore their furious hands,
> In ſolemn oath atteſt the God of War,
> Bellona, and the carnage-loving power
> Of Terror.——— POTTER'S ÆSCHYLUS.

In Salluſt's account of Cataline's conſpiracy, we are informed that the conſpirators cemented their agreement by drinking human blood. It is ſaid that one part of the ceremony of initiation into the confederacy of the ſecret tribunal in Germany, conſiſted in taſting human blood over which certain rites had been performed. Among barbarous nations this ceremony prevailed in a much greater degree.

When William therefore tells Walter that "*To night he drinks of blood,*" he may be conſidered as leaguing him to his cauſe by a covenant never to be diſſolved. In every deed of horror he was to lend his aid, nor to ſhrink from any danger however imminent.

Verſe XXXIX. " *By one the deed was done,*
" *By one be it repaid.*"

This verſe affords us a fine picture of the prevalence of the *Lex Talionis*, or law of retaliation.—A law which ſeems incident to all nations. The Jews in particular adopted its principles in their legiſlation. From the ſummary manner in which it cauſed juſtice to be executed and private reſentment gratified, it was certainly the moſt natural mode of procedure in thoſe countries where force was law. The impetuoſity of Richard's character rendered it peculiarly agreeable to him: we therefore need not wonder that the conduct which he himſelf purſued, ſhould be chalked out by him for his hero to follow. Beſides, the circumſtance of *one* revenging what was done by *one* is agreeable to the high notions of honour which Richard the flower of knighthood in the age of Chivalry, was firmly grounded in, and from which he diſdained to depart.

We might multiply obſervation, and ſwell our pages with remark, but we have it not at preſent in view to acquire celebrity as accurate commentators, or to be remarkable for the number of unmeaning words which we could laviſh on an obſcure paſſage. The obſervations we have offered are rather as illuſtrations than proofs. The man who attempts to demonſtrate an axiom commonly concludes his labours with leaving the ſubject more involved than he found

it. Such would be our ſituation were we to attempt farther illuſtration of the authenticity of this poem. There are ſome philoſophers whoſe ſcepticiſm has ariſen to ſuch a height that they have diſbelieved their own exiſtence. For ſuch the tranſlator does not intend theſe remarks, conſcious that the groſſneſs of poetical imagery, can have few charms for minds, which by the contemplation of exiſtence merely in the abſtract, have been ſublimed into non-entity.

Any attempt to point out the moſt diſtinguiſhed beauties of this poem, would be equally impertinent with any farther obſervations on its author. It has been often obſerved that the public taſte when it has received the ſanction of time, is ſeldom erroneous. That ſanction this poem has already received; and we truſt that the judgment which the preſent generation may form will be ſuch, as to reflect no diſgrace on the memory of their anceſtors.

Conſcious of many imperfections which are truly his own, the tranſlator, not without ſolicitude, commits this work to the world, truſting that the numerous and ſtriking beauties of the original, may palliate if not excuſe thoſe blemiſhes with which he hsa defaced it.

WALTER AND WILLIAM.

A BALLAD.

I.

'TWAS when athwart the duſky plain
Was thrown the veil of Night;
And Heroes, wearied out with ſtriſe,
Had ceas'd the lengthen'd fight:

II.

'Twas when the echoing hills no more
The trumpets voice reſound;
When fainting Warriors ſought repoſe,
Their claſping arms unbound;

III.

'Twas when o'er every hill and dale
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns;
Save when, at times, the ruſhing blaſt,
Deep-murm'ring ſweeps the plains.

IV.

'Twas then, beneath proud JOPPA's tow'rs
Lay RICHARD's Britiſh hoſt,
The gallant Chiefs, who ALBION left,
To ſeek PALESTINE's coaſt.

V.

Ye blooming Chiefs, who unappall'd,
Beheld the roaring main;
Ye, who at Glory's ſyren voice,
Forſook your native plain,

VI.

Ah! little think ye what betides
The piteous choice ye made;
Ah! little think ye what's entail'd,
On War's pernicious trade.

VII.

What boots it tho' your blooming brows
The twining laurels bind;
Will that relieve the ſuff'ring Sire
Ye left forlorn behind?

VIII.

Tho' on PALESTINE's ſultry fields
Eternal fame you gain;

Will that allay the mother's woes,
Who mourns her offspring ſlain?

IX.

What tho' o'er-pow'r'd by Pagan foes,
A Hero's death you die;
Will that aſſuage the Orphan's grief?
Or wipe the Widow's eye?

X.

Farewel! ye blooming, young, and brave!
Some other ſhall ye praiſe;
To me another theme belongs,
Earl WALTER claims my lays.

XI.

From Albion he.—With Richard's Hoſt
He left his native plain,
And dimly view'd his mountains blue,
Sink in the diſtant main.

XII.

Fair was his form. His dauntleſs ſoul
Rejoic'd in deeds of death;
To him no muſic was more ſweet
Than brazen trumpets' breath.

XIII.

Tho' now immers'd in War's alarms,
His flagging ſpirits fail;
His cheek, that once out-bloom'd the roſe,
Was now grown wan and pale.

XIV.

One only Brother WALTER had,
A chief of ſpotleſs fame;
With him who fought PALESTINE's coaſt,
Earl WILLIAM was his name.

XV.

In Friendſhip's holy ties faſt bound,
The noble Brothers were;
And nothing was by WALTER priz'd,
Which WILLIAM did not ſhare.

XVI.

WILLIAM long erſt a choſen band
Had led from JOPPA's tow'rs;
Their purpoſe gain'd, towards the camp
Return'd the Britiſh pow'rs.

XVII.

With open arms Earl WALTER flew
His brother Earl to meet.

The troops arriv'd—Earl WALTER found
No WILLIAM there to greet!

XVIII.

Nor knew they, if on battle-heath
Oppreſs'd by foes he bled;
Nor knew they, if in thraldom drear
A Captive life he led.

XIX.

Then WALTER groan'd.—The guſhing tear
Faſt cours'd from either eye;
The Hero beat his manly breaſt,
And heav'd the burſting ſigh.

XX.

But ſoon he wip'd the tears away,
And ſoon conceal'd his grief;
And girding to his loins his ſword,
In battle ſought relief.

XXI.

And now full many a turban'd head,
With trenchant ſteel he clove;
And thro' full many a Mooriſh heart
His whirling lance he drove.

XXII.

And when from out the throbbing breaſt
He wrench'd the reeking blade;
He ſternly cried, "Of WILLIAM's death
"Thou haſt the forfeit paid!"

XXIII.

When many a Knight, with ſtreaming wounds,
Lay gaſping on the plain,
All rough with wounds, and drunk with blood,
Earl WALTER ſpurn'd the ſlain.

XXIV.

All grim, upon his ſable ſteed,
Whoſe hoofs were dy'd with gore,
Thro' ſhatter'd files, and broken ranks,
Thro' hoſts of foes he tore.

XXV.

Yet tho' immers'd in War's alarms
His flagging ſpirits fail;
His cheek that once out-bloom'd the roſe,
Was now grown wan and pale.—

XXVI.

—'Twas at the hour when ſpectres roam,
The hour of dead repoſe;

When, ſave Earl WALTER's, every eye
Within the camp was clos'd;——

XXVII.

The Moon behind a ſable cloud
In ſilent darkneſs ſlept;
The blaſt no more athwart the plain
In hollow murmurs ſwept,

XXVIII.

Earl WALTER's taper twinkling ſhone,
And dimly, bluely-blaz'd;
And oft, from his uneaſy couch,
His aching head he rais'd.

XXIX.

When, lo! wide flew the burſting door,
A Knight in arms appear'd;
His form was fair, his arms were bright,
His viſor ſlow he rear'd!

XXX.

"My long-loſt WILLIAM!" WALTER cry'd,
Whene'er he view'd his face;
And claſp'd him in his friendly arms,
With long and ſtrict embrace.

XXXI.

" But, WILLIAM, why that cheek ſo pale,
" Which lately was ſo red?
" And why ſo dim thy ſparkling eye?
" Why hangs thy drooping head?"

XXXII.

" And why are all thy gleaming arms
" Diſtain'd with purple flood?"
" Think not of that," Earl WILLIAM cry'd,
" To night thou drink'ſt of blood!"

XXXIII.

" E'en now deflow'r'd, and murther'd lies
" My beauteous, blooming bride:
" And deep,—ah, deep, the feſtering wound
" That rankles in my ſide."

XXXIV.

" What would'ſt thou, WALTER, on the man
" By whom our breaſts were torn?"
" I would that in a whirl of Fire
" His ſoul to Hell be borne."

XXXV.

" Haſte! Haſte!—Claſp on thy ſhining arms,
" Beſtride thy ſable ſteed;

" Come on ! Come on !—ere morning's dawn
" The murtherer ſhall bleed."

XXXVI.

" My ſnorting Courſer paws the ground,
" He will not—cannot ſtay.
" We've far to ride—The night is ſhort,
" To Vengeance !—Haſte away !"

XXXVII.

" To Vengeance, WILLIAM !—Why ſo late ?
" Remain till dawn with me."
" WALTER, the deed was black as Hell,
" As black ſhall vengeance be."

XXXVIII.

" My ſnorting Courſer paws the ground,
" He will not—cannot ſtay.
" We've far to ride—The night is ſhort,
" To Vengeance !—Haſte away."

XXXIX.

" To Vengeance, William !—Let me raiſe
" Our truſty men to aid !"
" WALTER, by one the deed was done,
" By one be it repaid."

XL.

" William, I come.—Hollo! my Horſe!"
" —Thy Horſe is at the gate.
" Quick, quick away—my time is ſpent,
" No longer can I wait."

XLI.

Out ruſh'd the Knights,—with eager haſte
Each bounded to his ſteed;
O'er hills and dales, thro' ſtreams and woods,
They glance with meteors ſpeed.

XLII.

Hoarſe howling now the ruſhing blaſt
Invades the groaning plain;
The light'ning glares, the thunder growls,
In ſheets deſcends the rain.

XLIII.

And yet the brother Earls around
The ſtorm innoxious play'd,
Nor by the light'nings fearful glare
Their Courſers were diſmay'd.

XLIV.

Of lofty trees an aged wood
Now open'd to their view;

There writh'd in death, three bodies lay
Beneath a blafted yew.

XLV.

On each pale face, by light'ning ſcath'd,
Th' unwholeſome dew diſtill'd.
Earl WALTER, ſhudd'ring, turn'd his head,
With unknown horror thrill'd.

XLVI.

"Oh, WILLIAM! WILLIAM!" WALTER ſaid,
"Who doom'd theſe men to bleed?"
"Thus fall the murtherer," WILLIAM cried,
And onward urg'd his ſteed.

XLVII.

Their hoofs with nimble ſpeed once more
The foaming Courſers ply;
O'er hills and dales, thro' ſtreams and woods,
With meteors glance they fly.

XLVIII.

Now, by the light'ning's lurid glare,
Beſide them on the plain,
Earl WALTER view'd an ancient pile,
—And held his tighten'd rein.

XLIX.

In vain he held.—The ſnorting ſteed
Diſdain'd the weak controul;
And urging on th' affrighted lord,
Approach'd the fated goal.

L.

Swift thro' the gate, the courſers bound,
The courts with echoes rung;
And from the lonely towers the Owls,
The dirge of midnight ſung.

LI.

And now within the inner court
A ſudden halt they made;
"WALTER, alight, the time is come,"
Earl WILLIAM ſternly ſaid.

LII.

Aghaſt, and ſhudd'ring, trembling, ſlow,
The Earl obey'd with dread;
But WILLIAM graſp'd him by the arm,
And on impetuous led.

LIII.

And now they reach'd the maſſive Hall
Where torches, grimly bright,

Stuck round the walls, with ſulph'rous glare
Emit infernal light.

LIV.

A bloated corſe, disfigured, pale,
Lay weltering on the ground;
Feſtering in blood, which erſt had flow'd
From many a gaping wound.

LV.

And now, at every gaping wound,
And ev'ry gangren'd ſore,
The cold, long worms crept ſlowly in
To ſuck the putrid gore.

LVI.

And yet, upon this lothſome corſe,
A beauteous female lay;
Her cheek upon his cheek reclin'd,
She kiſs'd his mould'ring clay.

LVII.

But deeply plung'd, a reeking ſword
Transfix'd her lovely ſide;
And ſtill the ſteaming pavement o'er,
Floated the lukewarm tide.

LVII.

With horror ſick, and ſhudd'ring pale,
With thrilling dread aghaſt,
WALTER at length, his brother towards
His blood-ſhot eye-balls caſt.

LIX.

From off his brother, on the ground,
The ringing armour craſh'd;
His form, of more than mortal ſize,
With heav'nly radiance flaſh'd!

LX.

"Behold yon bodies cold in death,"
With thunder's voice he cried;
"Yon putrid maſs erewhile was I,
"Yon beauteous form, my bride."

LXI.

"That bride, whom in this caſtle *Thou*,
"With luſtful frenzy wild,
"At midnight hour, with ſavage rape,
"And inceſt damn'd, defil'd."

LXII.

"And when againſt *Her* unknown ſpouſe,
"Thou aim'd'ſt the aſſaſſin's knife,

" Thou gav'ſt the weapon doom'd to drink
" *Thy* abſent brother's life."

LXIII.

" To night ſhe from her priſon burſt,
" And flew to ſeek her lord.
" She found him—thus,—ſhe kiſt his cheek,
" And fell upon his ſword."

LXIV.

" Oh, WALTER! could that artleſs tongue
" In vain a pleader prove?
" Could not thoſe tears, thoſe piercing ſhrieks,
Thy ſoul to Pity move?

LXV.

" Well didſt thou chuſe the midnight gloom
" Th' infernal deed to veil;
" Yet deeds of rape, and deeds of blood,
" Not midnight can conceal."

LXVI.

" Ah, WALTER! did no heav'nly voice
" Inform your erring mind,
" That glutting thy infuriate luſt
" Was rape with inceſt join'd?"

LXVII.

" That when to the aſſaſſin's hand
" You gave the ſharpen'd knife,
" And bade him pierce her huſband's heart,
" You ſought *your* brother's life.

LXVIII.

" The partners of thy guilt are gone,
" Them heav'nly Vengeance found ;
" Smote by the lightning's ſcorching blaze,
" They preſs the blaſted ground."

LXIX.

" What wouldſt thou, WALTER, on the man,
" By whom our breaſts were torn ?
" Thou wouldſt, that in a whirl of fire
" His ſoul to Hell be borne !"

LXX.

" That ruin on thy head thou'ſt heap'd,
" Thou hadſt for others will'd ;
" 'Tis thou, O WALTER ! art the man—
" Now—Be thy wiſh fulfill'd !"—

FINIS.